

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. ROWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. APRIL 17, 1857.

VOL. XXV. NO. 33.

Select Poetry.



SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the Field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of error;
Every seed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out while'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Ban the stones of Prosecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight!

Men are agents for the future;
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the products of their sin!
Follow out true education;
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of nature
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the Spade of Perseverance,
Dig the Field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of error;
Every seed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out while'er the toil!

To Unmarried Ladies.

The following items of advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager—

If you have blue eyes, languish.
If black eyes, affect spirit.
If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.
If you are the least doubtful as to that point, wear them long.
If you have good teeth, don't forget to laugh now and then.
If you have bad ones, you must only simmer.
While you are young, sit with your face to the light.
When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.
If you have a bad voice always speak in a low tone.
If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a high tone.
If you dance well, dance seldom.
If you dance ill, never dance at all.
If you sing well, make no private excuses.
If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible to the desire to please.
If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.
It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.
When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.
When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.
If you are envious of another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses.
If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.
If you are disposed to be peevish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill-humor on your dog, your cat, or your servant, than on your friend.
If you would preserve beauty, rise early.
If you would preserve wisdom, be gentle.
If you would obtain power, be condescending.
If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

A SAD ACCIDENT BY FIRE.—On Saturday night, the 7th of March, as Thomas Blair, of Johnsville, Bucks county, was returning home from John K. Spencer's, of Warminster, his clothes took fire from a spark from his pipe, and the wind being high at the time, he was unable to put it out. He took off his coat, and thought to throw himself into a pond of water that was near by, but the ice was too thick for him to break, when he thought he would return to Mr. Spencer's, a distance of about two hundred yards. Mr. S. happened to go out after he started, and saw the fire and heard his cries for help, when he took a bucket of water and ran to meet him, which he did about half way.

He threw the water on him and put the fire out, but his vest and under clothes were burned off down to his waist. Mr. S. assisted him to his house, when Dr. Wm. M. Mann, of Harts-ville, was called in, and found him to be badly burnt on the breast, left side and back. After his wounds were dressed, he was taken to his home at his son-in-law's, Charles Trimmer's, at Johnsville, where he died on Monday, the 16th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., after much suffering, which he bore patiently to the last, being fully sensible of his condition. He was about 68 years of age, and came to America about thirty years ago from Ireland, and had proved himself to be a good citizen, and was a great friend to his adopted country.—*Daghestown (Pa) Democrat.*

Narrow Escape from Savages.

From the Springfield (Ill.) Republican.

Mr. William Bailey, formerly of Lynnville, Ogle county, in this State, called upon us last evening and related the following thrilling and remarkable narrative. From his description of places and things which he saw, we are perfectly satisfied that his statement is correct in every respect. A gentleman of this city who had travelled over the country he describes, assures us that no person except he had visited these places and witnessed what he describes, could have related truthfully what he related. He converses in several different Indian languages, and appears to have paid close attention to what he saw passing around him during his sojourn among the savages. He looked well and hearty, and with the exception of his hands being torn by some wounds from a tomahawk, he seems to have suffered no damage. He left on the cars last evening for Logan county, where his mother resides.

Mr. Bailey left here some eighteen months ago with a party of nine persons, to engage in driving teams from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rio Grande. They landed at Indianola, and hired to a man by the name of Ross to drive them for him. They drove to Lucas river, and camped there. Whilst asleep their mules were stolen by the Indians. They prepared the next day to follow them, and came up with them at sunset. They saw six Indians, fired at and killed them all, when they were attacked by about 300, who were secreted in the woods. They immediately fired on the white men, killing all but Mr. Bailey whom they took a prisoner.— They then took him back to the savages, which they plundered of all the arms and ammunition in them. They took two boxes of government Colt's revolvers and twenty kegs of powder.— The prisoner was stripped of all his clothing and bound hand and foot upon a pony. They then started for their encampment in the Wichita mountains, which place they reached after eleven days hard riding.

They remained in camp about a week, and then started on a robbing expedition to attack a train on the Santa Fe Road. They remained about five days waiting, when a merchant train came along. They proceeded to surprise the train, and killed every person with it, took the goods and mules belonging to the train, and started for Kickapoo settlement, trad-d off the mules for ponies and returned to the Wichita Mountains.

The prisoner was kept strictly confined during the day, and wasted up every night with pieces of raw hide, by the hands, to the limb of a tree, as high up as he could reach and stand on the ground. During the day he was allowed to lie down and sleep a few hours.— During the time Mr. Bailey was with them they went on five robbing expeditions, taking him always along with them. The last merchant train they robbed they took two men prisoners, who had bravely defended themselves till their weapons were all discharged, and who had killed twelve of the redskins. These two were taken and tied to a stake and skinned alive. Mr. Bailey was placed close to them and compelled to witness this horrible scene. Every time he would close his eyes they would punch him with spears and layonets until he would open them, and look on this picture of revolting horror.— They then took the skin, reeking with warm blood, and slapped him around the face with it, covering him with blood, and telling him if he tried to escape this would be his fate.

One of their excursions was against the United States mail wagons. They killed the five men with them, tore open the letters, got out the money, and after cutting out the pictures from the bank bills, threw them away. They kept all the newspapers, threw pictures in them.—throwing everything away that was not embellish.

For three nights after this they did not flinch up but kept guard over him. The third night they had a big war dance, and in the excitement, forgot Mr. Bailey. While dancing around their fire in front of the tent, he crawled out under the back of the tent, seized one of the ponies and escaped. He was soon missed, and was followed for five days. At the expiration of that time they came so close on him that they fired at him, which obliged him to leave his horse and take to the mountains. Fortunately he found a small cave just large enough to crawl into, in which place he remained for a day and a half, the Indians being so near him that he could hear their footsteps as they searched for him.

He remained in this position until he was assured that his pursuers had left, when he emerged from his concealment, and made a straight shoot for the Kickapoo settlement, about 600 miles distant. In about a month he reached the longed for point, where he hoped to find friends and assistance. Nor was he disappointed in this. He was kindly furnished food and clothing by the Kickapoes. He had subsisted, for the whole month previous to this on birch roots, which he dug with his hands on his lonely march. While with the Camanches he was fed on raw horse flesh. Not a very pleasant diet, truly. The Kickapoes treated him very kindly, and showed him on his long journey to civilization.

After leaving them, four day's journey brought him to the Chickasaw camp; from thence he proceeded to the Choctaw nation, who treated him in the most humane manner. He journeyed on to the Shawnee nation, where he was welcomed by the best they had in their lodges. Leaving them, he next reached the Cherokees, and then made for Missouri, which State he made some 20 miles north of the Neosho. From thence he came to St. Louis, and then to this city; having travelled constantly and steadily on foot for over two months.

As stated before, he left here last evening for Logan county, where he has a mother anxiously waiting his return. Mr. Bailey is a young man, about 22 years of age, and born on the 4th of July, our national day of Independence.

He says he is an independent man, but did not feel so at the time he was witnessing the horrid murder of his fellow men among the savages of the Far West. After eighteen months' hardships and privations, he finds himself once more among civilized people, and in a land of peace and happiness. We should suppose by this time he would be glad to locate in Suckerdorn, and "roam no more."

LATE FROM NICARAGUA.

Battle between Gen. Walker and the Costa Rican Forces—Defeat of the Allies with great Slaughter!

New York, April 2.—The steamship Texas, from San Juan, Nicaragua, with dates to the 20th March, and Aspinwall to the 23d, arrived this evening.

The Texas connected at Aspinwall with the Orizaba. She brings nothing late from California.

The advices from Rivas, the headquarters of Gen. Walker, are to the 18th March.

The Pursuer of the Orizaba, reports Walker's army in good condition, and well provisioned.

Gen. Walker, with 400 men attacked the allies at St. George, gained the plaza, burned an important part of the town, and then retreated to Rivas, which Gen. Chamorro, at the head of 1200 men, had in the meantime attacked, and been driven back, with great slaughter, by Gen. Henningson.

Gen. Walker met them retreating, and they were consequently placed between two fires, and becoming completely paralyzed suffered immensely.

The Allies' loss by their own account amounted to three hundred and twenty-seven killed, and over three hundred wounded, while Walker estimates their loss at six hundred killed and five hundred wounded. He also states that his own loss amounted to only two killed, and twenty-one wounded. Walker had the dead bodies buried.

The sloop-of-war St. Marys is still at San Juan del Sur.

It is reported that Canas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies, is under arrest, for making certain overtures with Walker. It is also rumored that Chillon had raised a body of men in Leon, and is about to join Walker, and that President Rivas has been assassinated. The last report is said to have been confirmed.

Col. Lockridge, who is stationed on San Juan River, had received another reinforcement of Texans, together with a large quantity of provisions and ammunition. His command garrisoned only two communications by water with Costa Rica, viz:—Two hundred and ten men at the mouth of the Serapiqui river, and one hundred and eighty-eight men at the mouth of the San Carlos river. The remaining one hundred and fifty-two are stationed in advance, under the command of Col. Lockridge, near the Machuca Rapids.

Col. Lockridge is said to have secured documents showing that the Costa Ricans had opened the transit route to the English.

The Costa Rican force at San Carlos was small, and Col. Lockridge was confident of taking it.

It is reported that the allies after being defeated by Walker had retreated to Misaya.

The Royal Mail Steamer New Granada had been boarded by the Peruvian steamer "Lao," in the interest of Vivanco, and plundered of \$32,000 in specie, arms and provisions.

The sloop-of-war Saratoga had left San Juan for Havana.

A Man in the Rapids of Niagara—A Fearful Precipitation—His Rescue.

The story of Joseph Avery, the unfortunate man who lived for a day clinging to a rock in the rapids above the American Fall at Niagara, will not soon be forgotten; and an occurrence of a very similar character happened on Tuesday last. A man named E. C. Taylor, a resident of West Windfield, Herkimer county, (a guest at the Ladow House,) descended the bank of the River, near the Suspension Bridge, probably for the purpose of viewing the bridge from below. On reaching the bottom, he slipped, and fell into the water, just above the bridge and when discovered was thirty or forty rods below the bridge, near the shore, rolling over and over, borne along by the restless current, until he caught hold of a large rock, and after some hard struggles succeeded in reaching the top. Alarm was immediately given in the neighborhood, and it was soon decided there was no way of reaching him but by means of a rope ladder. This was immediately procured, and after much hesitation, delay, and altercation, occasioned by the difficulty of determining where to place it, inasmuch as the man could not be seen from the projecting bank over his head, it was lowered to the distance of perhaps a hundred feet and became entangled among the rocks and trees.

It was at once decided that some one must go down to disentangle it. In a few moments, Willard R. Coburn, porter of the Ladow Hotel, volunteered his services, and proceeded to the place where the ladder was attached to the trees. He needed assistance, and soon two more brave men, Anthony Shibley and Nats Craft, offered to go down. The three worked bravely for more than an hour in conducting the ladder, while men at the top carefully let it down. At length the waving of handkerchiefs and cheerings on the Canada side indicated to us that the man had sprung to the shore from the rock, and had begun to ascend the ladder. Cautiously, and with firm grasp and step, he climbed up three hundred feet, and was greeted by the shouts and acclamations of the hundreds of spectators who had assembled to witness the exciting scene. He was for a few moments borne on the shoulders of the excited multitude, all were so anxious to congratulate him.

The Kolloch Trial.—Boston, April 8.—The jury in the Kolloch case were discharged this morning, being unable to agree. They stood 8 for acquittal and 4 for conviction.

AFFAIRS IN UTAH.

A letter from W. W. Drummond, United States Supreme Judge in Utah Territory, gives a sad picture of matters in that Territory. The following is taken from the letter:

The leading men of the church are more traitorous than ever. Only a few days since all papers, records, dockets, and nine hundred volumes of the laws, were taken out of the Supreme Court Clerk's office and burned. And this is not the only instance of the kind. I say to you again, and through you to the President, it is impossible for us to enforce the laws in this Territory. Every man here holds his life at the will of Brigham Young; and here we are without protection. I am firmly of opinion that Babbitt was murdered by Mormons under direction of Brigham Young, and not by Indians. Murder is a common thing here; and Mormons cannot be punished with a Mormon jury, witnesses, officers, and Governor to pardon. It is too cruel, and must not be endured. A man, not a member of the church, is murdered, robbed, castrated and imprisoned, solely for questioning the authority of the church. Persons are now in the Penitentiary, convicted before the Probate Judge, who are wholly innocent of any crime. Is there any other country where this abuse is or would be endured? Let all, then, take hold and crush out one of the most treasonable organizations in America.

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically, to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed:

Now, if you'll let me out and send for my dad, he'll pay you for the berries and lick me besides!

The appeal was too much for the grocer to stand out against.

From the Boston Journal.

Another Poisoning Case!

Lowell, March 27.—Suspicious have been aroused in this community that a case of husband poisoning has taken place here. The victim of the tragic deed which is suspected to have been perpetrated, was Mr. Nathaniel Sweetser, late of this city, who deceased suddenly on the 26th of February, and was interred in a family tomb in the adjoining town of Chelmsford. A brother of the deceased, belonging to the State of New York, entertaining suspicions that all was not right in reference to the sudden death of his relative, has been instrumental in instigating an examination of the matter, and agreeably to urgent solicitations, Dr. J. P. Jewett, a Coroner of Lowell, with a Jury of Inquest summoned for the purpose, yesterday afternoon proceeded to the tomb in Chelmsford, where the body of Mr. Sweetser was interred. They removed it to a schoolhouse in the vicinity; where an autopsy by Dr. J. C. Spaulding was made, and the stomach and viscera removed and sealed up for chemical analysis. The Jury of Inquest was composed of the following persons: Dr. Joel Spaulding, Joseph Merrill, Calvin T. Chamberlain, William P. Brazer, Enoch Emery and Nathan M. Wright.

Dr. J. C. Bartlett, of Chelmsford, was also present, and assisted in the autopsy. Nothing of a positive nature of course was elicited by this examination, but I am informed that internally, where decay usually first commences in ordinary cases of deceased persons, there was not the slightest appearance of decomposition; a circumstance which may be an indication of the presence of arsenic. Deceased was fifty-two years old at the time of his death. He was a small dealer in wool, resided on Howard street, and was a man of considerable property. He is said to have been at one or more times an inmate of the insane asylum. It is also said that he has complained of being unhappy and threatened to take his own life. His domestic relations are said to have been unhappy. Dr. Gats, recently from Manchester, attended him in his last illness, and assigned no cause for his death. His illness lasted only about 24 hours.

Coroner Jewett, accompanied by the brother of deceased, visited Mrs. Sweetser, the wife of deceased, yesterday morning, and informed her that an examination of the body of her husband was, in consequence of the suddenness of his death, &c., about to be proceeded with. She expressed her gratification that such was to be the case. No arrest has yet been made, nor was Mrs. Sweetser informed upon whom suspicion in the matter rested, but I learn this morning that she has retained the Hon. B. F. Butler to defend her in case of her arrest, and that she exhibits great anxiety about the matter.

As usual, various rumors tending to create suspicious of foul play are afloat in the community, but I refrain from giving them further currency at this stage of the proceedings. Mrs. Sweetser is said to be a woman of much intelligence and smartness, and of highly respectable connections.

Dr. S. L. Dana of Lowell, was this morning requested to make the chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach &c., but declined. They will be sent to some competent chemist in Boston for that purpose to-day or to-morrow. The jury of inquest adjourned yesterday afternoon to Friday, April 3.

Horrible Murder.

From the Washington (Pa.) Commonwealth.

It becomes our painful duty to record one of the most dreadful murders ever perpetrated in this region of country. Early on Monday morning, word was brought to town, by Archibald Allison, that Samuel H. White had been brutally murdered at his residence, in Chartiers tp., on the road leading from Washington to Struvenville, about five miles north of this place.— The house is situated on rising ground, about fifty yards distant, on the north side of the road, and is a new frame, and kitchen adjoining, with doors opening into each, on the upper side farthest from the road.

We repaired to the scene at an early hour, and there met with a horrible spectacle. On entering the house we found the murdered man in bed, just as he had been sleeping—for it is evident that he made no attempt to get up—the pillow and upper part of the bed was covered with blood, while his face and head were so disfigured with wounds and blood as to prevent his recognition.

Drawers had been ransacked by the murderers and left open; blood was sprinkled almost all over the room; the floor, the ceiling, the wall, the bureau at the foot of the bed, had all been spattered over; the blood-smeared axe, with which the deed had been committed, laid on the floor at the foot of the bed; and the corpse looked as if a very demon had been at work. The wounds, some half a dozen in number, had evidently been inflicted with the butt end of the axe, and were frightful to look at; the skull was broken in several places, while the lower jaw was broken in front.

It is not certainly known what amount of money has been taken. Mr. White was a young man, much esteemed in the neighborhood where he came from, and his untimely end will be regretted by a large number of friends. He leaves a young wife and two small children to deplore their loss. He had but recently purchased the farm on which he resided, and the murderers were no doubt instigated to the commission of the deed with the supposition that he had considerable money about him to pay out on the 1st of April. No arrests have been made.

"ONLY PRAYERS."—Some persons never go to church except when there is a sermon. "Only prayers?" But does not Christ say that his house is the house of prayer?—a place where prayer not only is made, but answered? And have we not the example of the apostles for, going up to the temple to pray? What are those that they are so neglected? They are not in a foreign language; nor does the minister omit anything essential; on the contrary, they comprise everything necessary for public devotion, for the people have met together to render thanks for the great benefits received at God's hand, to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy Word, and ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul. Now one would think that if all this were done sincerely, a great deal would be accomplished. Archbishop Leighton says in his charge to the clergy, 1662: "Whatever ministers do, they should be aware of returning to their long expositions, besides the sermon, at one and the same meeting; which, besides the tediousness and other inconvenience, is apt to foment in people's minds the strange prejudice and proud disdain they have taken against the scriptures read without a superadded discourse. Truly, if those who object to 'only prayers,' would only make the experiment of entering more fully into their spirit, every objection would be silenced by their beauty."

Dr. Johnson said the reason why he attended week-day prayers was, that so few being present, his presence was more serviceable than on other occasions of worship; but, for this reason the Doctor's, most persons stay away.—*Penny Post.*

Preserves in Tin Cases.—The New Bedford Mercury learns that a lady in that city was lately poisoned a few days since, by eating a few spoonsful of preserved whortle berries, which had been put in a tin case. The liquid from the berries had forced veridigris on the surface of the metal. For several hours the lady above mentioned remained in a nearly insensible condition and was with difficulty brought to.

From the Chicago Press, March 28.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL-ROAD.

We learn from a gentleman who arrived yesterday from La Salle, that a frightful accident occurred on Thursday morning, on the Illinois Central Railroad, near La Salle. The particulars are as follows:—

About 7 o'clock in the morning, the gravel train, loaded with laborers who work along the line, started from La Salle southward. The train crossed the bridge all right, and as the engine came on to the embankment on the other side of the bridge, it all at once gave way, and the whole train was precipitated a distance of probably twenty-five feet. Four men were killed on the spot, and one died a few hours afterward.— Eight others were severely injured, some with broken legs, arms, &c. The engineer and fireman escaped with their lives, though somewhat injured. The marvel is that so many escaped.

The heavy rains of last Sunday, along with the general thaw that ensued, had so softened the embankment that it appeared as soft and as incapable of bearing up a train as the softest kind of mud. Whenever the engine came off the bridge, it seemed as if it had fallen over a precipice.

But disastrous as the occurrence has proven, it seems providential that it is not much more fatal. The passenger train that ought to have passed over the road at that point on Wednesday night, by some trivial accident was delayed, and did not arrive at the fatal spot till after the gravel train was wrecked. As it was loaded with passengers, boxed-up in close cars, the sacrifice of life that would have attended its attempt to cross must have been much larger.

Our informant did not learn the names of the dead and injured. They were all Irishmen.

Murder of a Wife and Burning of her Body.—The trial of James M. Ward, for the murder of his wife, at Sylvania, Ohio, resulted in his conviction, the jury deliberating but a few minutes upon their verdict. The Toledo Blade says:

The murder is one of the most brutal, horrid and disgusting, in all the annals of crime. A husband not only murders his wife, after cold-blooded premeditation, but he sits up at nights, with his door locked, cuts her into small pieces,

and burns up her remains in the stove. This process occupied several days, in which time he drew largely on the shops around for shavings, and the usavory scent went forth from the chimney, and filled the nostrils of those who happened to be in that vicinity. Ward occupied himself with this disgusting and appalling work, till he thought he had obliterated all traces of his guilt, and then defied detection. But "murder will out." It is amazing what an array of facts, unimportant in themselves, have been brought to bear on the case; and an irresistible conviction of guilt they carry to the mind. Ward has not yet had his sentence, but he will be hung by the neck till he is dead. We hear it said that this will be the first case of capital execution in this county.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Five or six years ago, a rich Louisiana planter died, leaving an only heir, a daughter, who with her fortune was placed in the charge of a guardian, who was distantly related to the family. Her fortune, and her remarkable beauty, attracted the attention of many suitors, among whom was an accomplished young man from St. Louis, whose only wealth was his profession. His handsome person and fascinating manners won the lady's affections; and, without the knowledge of her guardian, they were privately married.

Shortly afterwards they removed to St. Louis, where they lived together happily for a time, and a bright future seemed to be before them.— At the expiration of a year, the lady having attained her majority, they returned to New Orleans to claim her fortune, and live in the splendid old family mansion. They were coldly received by the occupant who deliberately informed them that the estate had passed into other hands. They at once applied to the law for redress, and going through the protracted formalities of two or three fruitless suits, they were left penniless, and obliged to abandon the case. Friendless and dispirited they returned to St. Louis, where the husband, like many other husbands, tried to drown the remembrance of his disappointment in the fatal cup. His wife endeavored and admonished in vain. A separation was the consequence, and the husband became more reckless and dissipated than ever. Driven at last to desperation, the wife applied for a divorce, obtained it, and retired to a convent.— This restored the wretched man to his senses; he abandoned his former associates, returned to the path of virtue, and became a respectable and industrious citizen.

A few months ago, the lady received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his determination to make full restoration, closing with an appeal to her to forgive his misguided parent, and to come to New Orleans and receive her fortune. She at once complied with the generous request; and all her inheritance, together with the accumulated interest, was restored to her.

Now comes the strangest part of this extraordinary affair. The young man offered her his hand in marriage, and plead with all the earnestness of impassioned love. He reminded her of all their childish attachment, of his deep anguish when she became the wife of another, and of the long years of his silent sorrow. All these remembrances came up before her mind; and gratitude plead eloquently in his favor; but at last the wife triumphed over the woman. She thanked him, and gave him her simple blessing—told him she had loved but one, and could never love another. She entreated him to take back all her fortune, and permit her to return to the convent. Finding her resolutions unalterable, he consented, on condition that she should postpone her return one month. He immediately wrote to the former husband, who was ignorant of what had transpired, offering him a first rate situation, on condition he would come immediately. The letter was signed by the principal of a well known firm, who was apprised of every circumstance in the case. As soon as the letter came to hand, the overjoyed recipient took passage for New Orleans. He presented himself at the place designated in the letter, and at once made himself known by showing his credentials. He was conducted to the residence of the generous heir, where, he was informed, the writer of the letter waited to receive him. His name was announced, and he was conducted into an elegant parlor, and there, alone, he met the woman whom he had neglected and dishonored—the woman who had been forced to leave him, but who would not quite give him up.

A few days afterwards, the city newspapers announced the marriage of Mr.— and Mrs.—. The estate was restored to the lawful owners, and the reconciled couple, made wiser and better by adversity, are now living happily together.

It is good to turn sometimes from the cares and turmoils of politics, and contemplate human nature rising up from the depths of misery and despair, casting aside selfishness, and reaching that standard of purity and happiness which so few attain.

Sad Bereavement.—Sunday afternoon witnessed a melancholy cortege in the streets of N. Orleans. It was a long and sad procession following to the grave the mortal remains of two of the daughters of our esteemed townsman, Dr. William Roston. They died, one at midnight on Saturday night, and the other a few hours later, of that dreadful disease, the scarlet fever, and now lie entombed together; one a young wife, who leaves her infant sick of the same disease; the other a promised bride, whose wedding was to take place in a few days. They were the grace of the best society in New Orleans, lovely, well nurtured, refined and tenderly beloved;—but a week ago the centre around which they clustered the most joyous hopes of fond hearts for the future; now the tenants of a common grave, watered by passionate tears. The news of this terrible affliction, as soon as announced on Saturday morning, saddened the whole city. We have never witnessed a more profound and universal sensation.—*Pycnane.*